

Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 3.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1836.

NUMBER 49

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
GEORGE W. MILLETT.
TERMS—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.—
One dollar and seventy-five cents at the end of six months.
—Two dollars at the end of the year.
No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the
option of the Publisher.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms;
the proprietor not being accountable for any error in
any Advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.
Communications, and Letters on business must be
addressed to the publisher, Post-paid.

From the Maine Monthly Magazine.
REMEMBRANCE.

BY REV. E. D. TOWN.

Bring back the scenes, O memory bring
The glowing scenes of former days,
And from my darkened spirit fling
The deep despair that on it preys.
Tell of the glorious dreams I cherish'd,
Dreams in the charms of fancy dress'd;
Tell of the bright'ning hopes I cherish'd,
Return them to my lonely breast—
And, if I may, my taste again,
Oh! let their memory remain.
Come, O'er my grief beclouded heart
Cast the glad sunlight of thy rays,
And bid the sullen care depart
That on each chord of feeling plays;
And in the image of departed joy,
And in the soft, consoling numbers
Thy woes alloy, my fears destroy—
Oh! with some hope-inspiring strain,
Bid madness flee with all her train.
Stille with thy magic wand the rock
That rises o'er the misty past,
And let its fountains by the shock
Tear treasures from the desert east;
Gather again to brightness round me,
That once illumined my joyous way—
E'er sorrow's withering light had found me,
Or time had dim'd youth's visions gay.
If tears must fall, Oh! let them be
The chastened tears of memory.
Power of a spell which time hath crushed,
Light of a star that long hath set;
Strain of a song which grief hath hush'd,
Come for my heart doth love thee yet!
Come with the sound of former gladness,
Come with the light of better years,
Reign o'er the mind long bow'd by sadness,
And scatter all my rising fears—
Let me again the sweetest know
Of joys that faded long ago.

Stand Lake, Henssler Co. New York.

MRS. SYKES.

FROM THE PAPERS OF DR. TONIC, RECENTLY
BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

EDITED AT SKOWHEGAN.

HITHERTO in recording the memorabilia
which happened in our village, I have touched
upon those matters principally in which Di-
abolus, or the Spirit of Mischievousness, doubtless for
wise purposes, seemed to obtain the mastery.—
The reasons that moved me thereto were these,
to wit, that men skilled in recording human
transactions might hereafter embody them in
their histories to serve as beacons or land-
marks for posterity. For I hold that the more
we know of Diabolus and of his *modus operandi*,
the more easily shall we be enabled to foil him.
In this matter, however, which now engrosses
my pen, Diabolus, if, as was opined by many,
he had any hand in it, got signally worsted.

One dark, stormy night in the summer of
— finding my system had lost much of its
humidum radicale, or radical moisture in truth
a very alarming premonitory, I directed Mrs.
Tonic in preparing my warm *aqua fontana* to
infuse a *quantum sufficiens* of Hollandais, of which
having taken a somewhat copious draught, I
sought my cubiculum. Let no one imagine
however, that I give the least countenance to the
free use of alcoholic mixtures. They are un-
doubtedly poisonous, and like other poisons
which hold a high rank in our pharmacopoeia, it
is only when taken under the direction of
those deemed cunning in our art, that they exert
a healing power, and as one Shakespeare
happily expresses it, 'ascend me to the brain.'
Now as the radical moisture is essential to vitality
and as this moisture is promoted in a wonder-
ful degree by potatoes of Hollandais, we of
the Faculty hold with Horatius Flaccus *omnes
eodem cogimur*—we may all *cogite* it. But, to
return to my narrative or story as it may be called.
I had hardly 'steep'd' my senses in long-
forgetfulness as some one quaintly says, when I
was effectually aroused by a loud knocking at
the window. The blows were so heavy and
frequent that Mrs. Tonic though somewhat un-
dressed, it being her hour for retiring, yet fear-
ful of fractured glass, hurried to show the reason
of Mrs. Tonic's fears, that my parlor front
window had been lately beautified with an en-
larged sash containing not seven by nine panes
size generally used, but eight by ten—panes
certainly of a rare and costly size and which
Mrs. Tonic had the honor of introducing.—
The cause of this unreasonable disturbance pro-
ved to be a messenger from Deacon Sykes
stating that good Mrs. Sykes was alarmingly ill
and desiring my immediate attendance. Now
in the whole range of my practice there was no
one whose call was sooner heeded than Mrs.

Sykes's; for besides being an ailing woman
and of course a profitable patient, she had much
influence in our village as the wife of Deacon
Sykes. But I must confess that on this occa-
sion I did feel an unwillingness to resume my
habitations, that night as I before remarked,
being uncommonly stormy and myself feeling
sensibly the effects of the sudorific I had just
taken. Still I should have willingly exposed
myself had not Mrs. Tonic gathered from the
messenger that it was only a return of Mrs.
Sykes's old complaint, that excruciating pain, the
cholic; for Mrs. Sykes was stout. As the
medicine I had hitherto prescribed for her in
such ailments had been wonderfully blessed, I
directed Mrs. Tonic to bring my saddle-bags
from which having prepared a somewhat smart
dose of *Tinct. rhei*, with *carb. soda*, I gave it to
the messenger bidding him return with all speed.
In the belief that this would prove efficacious,
I again turned to woe the not reluctant Somnus,
but scarcely had an hour elapsed when I was
again alarmed by repeated blows first at the
door and then at the window. In a moment I
sat bolt upright, in which attitude I was soon
imitated by Mrs. Tonic, on hearing the crash of
one of her eight by tens. Through the aper-
ture I now distinctly recognized the voice of
Sam Saunders, who had hired with the Deacon,
stating that good Mrs. Sykes was absolute-
ly in *extremis*, or as Sam himself expressed it,
'at her last gasp.' On hearing this you may be
assured I was not long in *naturalibus*; but
drawing on my nether integuments, I departed,
despite the remonstrances of Mrs. Tonic, with-
out my wrapper and without any thing in fact
except a renewed draught of my *philo humidum
radicale*. My journey to the Deacon's was
made with such an accelerated movement that
it was accomplished as it were *per saltum*.—
This was owing to my great anxiety about Mrs.
Sykes, though possibly in a small degree I might
have dreaded an obstruction of the pores in my
own person. Howbeit on arriving at the Deacon's,
I saw at once that she was beyond the
healing art. There lay all that remained of
Mrs. Sykes—the *disjecta membra*, the *fragmen-
ta*—the casket! But the gem, the *meus di-
amant* was gone and forever. There she lay
regardless of the elongated visage of Deacon
Sykes on the one side, and of the no less elon-
gated visage of the widow Dobbie on the other
side, who had been some time visiting there,
and who now hung over her departed friend in
an agony of woe.—'Doctor,' cried the Deacon,
'is there no hope?' 'Is there no hope,' echoed
the widow Dobbie. I grasped the wrist of Mrs.
Sykes, but pulsation had ceased; the eye was
glazed and the countenance livid. '*A caput
mortuum*, Deacon! *defuncta*! the wick of vi-
tality is snuffed out.' The bereaved husband
groaned deeply; the widow Dobbie groaned
an octave higher.

On my way home my mind was much ex-
cited with this sudden and mysterious dispensa-
tion. Had Sam Saunders blundered in his
statement of her complaint? Had I myself—
good Heavens! it could not be possible! I opened
my bags—*horresco referens*! it was but
too palpable! Owing either to the agitation of
the moment when so suddenly awakened, or to
the deep solicitude of Mrs. Tonic, who, in pre-
paring my *philo humidum radicale*, had infused
an undue portion of the Hollandais—to one of
these the lamented Mrs. Sykes might charge
her untimely exit; for there was the vial of
tinct. rhei, full to the stopple, while the vial
marked 'laudatum' was as dry as a throat in fever.
I hesitate not to record that at this discovery, I
lost some of that self-possession which has ever
been characteristic of the Tonics. I was not
only standing on the brow of a precipice, but
my centre of gravity seemed a little beyond it.
There were rivals in the vicinity of my rising
reputation. The sudden death might
cause a *post mortem* examination, and the re-
sult would be as fatal to me as was the laudanum
to Mrs. Sykes. A thought, occurring, sudden-
ly relieved my mind. At break of day I re-
traced my footsteps to the chamber of the de-
ceased. Accompanied by the Deacon I ap-
proached to gaze upon the corpse; when, sud-
denly starting back I placed one hand upon my
olivetories and grasping with the other the alar-
m-mourner, I hurried towards the door.—
'In the name of Heaven!' cried the Deacon,
'what is the matter?' 'The matter!' I replied,
'the matter! Deacon, listen. In all cases of
mortality where the radical moisture has not
been lessened by long disease, putrefaction com-
mences on the cessation of the organic functions
and a *miasma* fatal to the living is in a moment
generated. This is the case even in cold weath-
er, and it being now July, I cannot answer
for your own life if the burial be deferred.—
The last sad offices must be at once attended to.
Deacon Sykes consented. Not, he remarked,
on his own account, for, as to himself, life had
lost its charms, but there were others near on
whom many were dependent, and he could not
think of gratifying his own feelings at their ex-
pense—sufficient, says he, for the day is the
day thereof. I hardly need add, that when
my advice to the Deacon got wind, the neigh-
bors with one accord rallied to assist in prepar-
ing Mrs. Sykes for her last home; and their
labors were not a little quickened by the fumes
of tar and vinegar which I directed to be burnt

on this melancholy occasion. Much as I cher-
ished Mrs. Sykes, still I confess that my feel-
ings were much akin to those called pleasurable,
when I heard the rattle of those terrible par-
ticles which covered at the same time my lamented
friend and my professional lapsus.

But after all, as I sat meditating on the ups
and downs of life during the evening of the fun-
eral, the question arose in my mind, is all safe?
May not some unledged Galens remove the
body for the purpose of dissection?—Worse
than all, may not some malignant rival have al-
ready meditated a similar expedition? The
more I reflected on this matter and its probable
consequences, the more my fears increased till
at last they became too great for my frail tena-
ment. There was at this period a boarder in
my family, one Job Sparrow, who having spent
about thirty years of his pilgrimage in the 'sing-
ing of anthems,' concluded at length to devote
the residue thereof to the study of the human
frame, to which he was the more inclined, prob-
ably, as he could have the benefit of my deep
investigations. His outward man, though some-
what ungainly, was exceedingly muscular, and
he had a firmness of nerve which would make
him willingly engage in any enterprise that
would aid him in his calling. Conducting him
to my sanctum or study, a retired chamber in
my domicile, 'Job,' I remarked, 'I have long
noticed your engrossment in the healing art,
and I have lamented my inability of late to fur-
ther your progress in the study of anatomy from
the difficulty of procuring subjects. An opportu-
nity, however, is at length afforded, and I
shall not fail to embrace it though at the sacri-
fice of my best feelings. The subject I mean
is the lamented Mrs. Sykes. Bring her re-
mains at night to this chamber, and I with my
venerable friend Dr. Grizzle will exhibit what,
though often described, are seldom visible, those
wonderful absorbent the *lacteals*.—It is only in
very recent subjects, my dear Job, that it is pos-
sible to point them out. My pupil grinned com-
placently at this manifestation of kindly feelings
towards him in one so much his superior, and
hastened to prepare himself for the expedition.
It was about nine of the clock when the vener-
able Dr. Grizzle, whom I had notified of my in-
tended operations through Job, came stealthily
in. Dr. Grizzle, though from his appearance
one would conclude that he was about to shuffle
off his mortal coil, was a *rara avis* as to his
knowledge of the corporeal functions. There
were certain gainsayers, indeed, who asserted
that his intellectual candle was just glimmering
in its socket; but it will show to a demonstration
how little such statements are to be regarded
when I assert that the like slanders had been
thrown out touching my own person. The
profound Grizzle, above such malignant feelings,
always coincided with my own opinion, both as
to the nature of the disease we were called to
counteract, and as to the mode of treatment;—
and so highly did I value him that he was the
only one whom I called to a consultation when
that course was deemed expedient. We had
prepared our instruments and were refreshing
our minds with the pages of Chesselden, a lu-
minous writer, when to my great satisfaction the
signal of my pupil was heard below. Hitherto
our labors seemed to have been blessed; but a
difficulty occurred in this stage of our progress
which threatened not only to render these la-
bors useless, but to retard, if I may so say, the
advance of anatomical science. It was this:—
the stairway was uncommonly narrow, and the
lamented Mrs. Sykes was uncommonly large.
As it was impossible, then, for Job to pass up at
the same time with the defunct, it was settled
after mature deliberation that he and myself
should occupy a post at each extreme, while
Grizzle assisted near the *lumber* region. 'Now,'
cried Job, 'heave together;' but the words were
hardly uttered when a shriek from Grizzle par-
alyzed our exertions. Our muscular exertions
had wedged my venerable friend so completely
between Mrs. Sykes and the wall, that his long
wheezed like a pair of decayed bellows; and
had it not been for the Herculean strength of
Job, who rushed as it were in *medias res*, the
number of the dead would have equalled that
of the living. At length after repeated trials we
effected, as I facetiously remarked, our 'passage
of the Alps,' an historical allusion which tended
much to the diversification of Grizzle and obli-
viated in no small measure the memory of his
recent peril. And now, having directed Job to
go down and secure the door, Grizzle and my-
self advanced to remove the bandages that con-
fined her arms, previous to dissection. But
scarcely was the work accomplished when a
sepulchral groan burst from the defunct, the
eyes glared, and the loosened arm was slowly
lifted from the body. That I am not of that
class who can be charged with any thing like
timidity, is, I think well proved by my consent-
ing to act for several years as regimental sur-
geon in our militia, a post undoubtedly of dan-
ger. But I must concede that at this unexpec-
ted movement both Grizzle and myself were
somewhat agitated. From the table to the
stair way we leaped as it were by instinct, and
with a velocity at which even now I greatly
marvel. This sudden evidence of vitality in
my lamented friend, or I might say rather an
unwillingness to be found alone with her in such
a peculiar situation, also induced me to prevent
if possible the retreat of Grizzle, and I fastened

with some degree of violence upon his project-
ing queue. It was fortunate, in so far as re-
garded Grizzle, that art in this instance had
supplanted nature. His wig, of which the
queue formed no inconsiderable portion, was
all that my hand retained. Had it been other-
wise, such was the tenacity of my grasp on the
one hand and such his momentum on the other
that Grizzle must have left the natural ornament
of his cerebrum, while I, though unjustly, must
have been charged with imitating our heathen-
ish Aborigines. As it was, his bald pate shot
out from beneath it with the velocity of a dis-
charged ball; nor was the similitude to that en-
gine of carnage at all lessened when I heard its
rebounds upon the stairs. How long I remain-
ed overwhelmed by the wonderful scenes which
I had just witnessed, I cannot tell; but on re-
covering, I found Mrs. Sykes had been remov-
ed to my best chamber, and Job and Mrs. Tonic
both busily engaged about her person.—
They had, as I afterwards ascertained, by bath-
ing her feet and rubbing her with hot flannels,
wrought a change almost miraculous; and the
effects of the laudanum having happily sub-
sided she appeared, when I entered, as in her
pristine state. At that moment they were a-
bout administering a composing draught which
undoubtedly she needed, having received sev-
eral severe contusions on the stair way in our
endeavors to extricate Grizzle. But rushing
forward, I exclaimed 'thanks to Heaven that I
again see that cherished face! thanks that I
have been the instrument under Providence of
restoring to society its brightest ornament!—
Be composed—my dear Mrs. Sykes, ask no
questions to night, unless you would frustrate
all my labors.' Then presenting to her lips an
opiate, in a short time I had the satisfaction
of seeing her sink into a tranquil slumber.

As I consider it all important that the mat-
ter should be kept a profound secret till I had
arranged my plans; and as Mrs. Tonic had in
a remarkable degree that propensity which dis-
tinguishes women—I was under the necessity
of making her privy to the whole transaction;
trusting that the probable ruin to my reputation
consequent on an exposure would effectual bridle
her unruly member. My venerable friend
too, I invited for a few days to my own mansion
lest the bruises he received during his *excursus*
from the dissecting room might have deprived
him of his customary caution. The last and
most difficult step was to prepare the mind of
Mrs. Sykes, who was yet in *nubibus* as to her
new location. With great caution I gradually
unfolded the strange event that had just trans-
pired,—her sudden apparent death, the alarm
of the village touching the *miasma* and the con-
sequent sudden interment. 'Your exit, may
dear Mrs. Sykes,' I continued, 'seemed like a
dream—I could not realize it. Such an irre-
parable loss! I thought of all the remedies that
had been applied in such cases. Had any
thing been omitted that had a tendency to in-
crease the circulation of the radical fluid?—
There was the Galvanic battery—it had been
entirely overlooked, and yet what wonders it
had performed! No sooner had this occurred
to my mind than I was impressed with the con-
viction that you were to revisit this mundane
sphere, and that I was the chosen instrument to
enkindle the vital spark. No time was lost in
obeying this mysterious impulse. The grave
was opened, the battery applied *secundum artem*
—and the result is the restoration to society of
our beloved Mrs. Sykes.' In proportion to her
horrors at the idea, that she must have rested
for her labors but for my skill, was her grate-
tude for this timely rescue. She fell on my
neck and clung like one demented, till a gather-
ing frown on the face of my spouse warned
me of the necessity of repelling her embraces.
Mrs. Sykes was now desirous of returning im-
mediately home to restore as it were to life her
bereaved consort, who was no doubt mourning
at his desolation and refusing to be comforted.
But here I felt it my duty to interpose. 'My
dear Mrs. Sykes,' said I, 'your return at this
moment would overwhelm him. The sudden
change from the lowest depths of woe to a state
of ecstasy, would consign him to the tenement
you have just quitted. No! this extraordinary
Providence must be gradually unfolded.' She
yielded at last to my sage councils and consented
to wait till the violence of his grief had some-
what abated, and his mind had become suffi-
ciently tranquil to hear that tale which I was
cautiously to relate. On the following day
however, her anxiety to return had risen to a
high pitch, and truly by evening it was beyond
my control. She was firm in the belief that I
could make the disclosure without essential in-
jury to the Deacon; 'besides,' as she remark-
ed, 'there was no knowing how much waste
there had been in the kitchen.' It was settled at
last that I should immediately walk over to the
Deacon's and by a judicious train of reflection,
for which I was admirably fitted, prepare the
way for this joyous meeting. When I arrived
at the house of mourning, though perhaps the
last person in the world entitled to the name of
eavesdropper, yet as my eye was somewhat
askance as I passed the window, I observed
a spectacle that for a time arrested my foot-
steps. There sat the Deacon recounting prob-
ably the virtues of the deceased partner, and
there, not far apart, sat the widow Dobbie sym-
pathizing in his sorrows. It struck me that

Deacon Sykes was not ungrateful for her con-
solatory efforts;—for he took her hand with a
gentle pressure and held it to his bosom. Per-
haps it was the unusual mode of dress now ex-
hibited by the widow Dobbie that led him to
this act; for she was decked out in Mrs. Sykes's
best frilled cap and such is the waywardness of
fancy, he might for the moment have imagined
that his help-mate was beside him. Be that as
it may, while I was thus complacently regard-
ing this interchange of friendly feelings, the cry
of 'you vile hussy!' suddenly rang in my very
ear, and the next instant, the door having been
burst open, who should stand before the aston-
ished couple but the veritable Mrs. Sykes.—
The Deacon leaped as if, touched in the *peri-
cardium*, and essayed to gain the door; but in
his transit his knees denied their office, and he
sank gibbering as his hand was upon the latch.
As to the terrified widow Dobbie, I might say
with Virgilius, *steteruntque comae*, her combs
stood up; for the frilled cap was displaced with
no little violence, and with an agonizing shriek
she fell, apparently in *asticulo mortis*, on the
body of the Deacon. What a lamentable scene!
and all in consequence of the rashness and im-
prudence of Mrs. Sykes. No sooner had I
left my own domicile than Mrs. Sykes, regard-
less of my admonitions, resolved on following
my steps, and was actually peeping over my
shoulder at the moment the Deacon's hand
came in contact with the widow Dobbie's. It
was truly fortunate for all concerned that a
distinguished member of the faculty was near at
this dreadful crisis. In ordinary hands nothing
could have prevented a quietus. Their spirits
were taking wing, and it was only by extraor-
dinary skill that I effected what lawyer Snoodles
said was a complete 'stoppage in transitu.' I
regret to state that this was my last visit to Deacon
Sykes. Unmindful of my services in
resuscitating Mrs. Sykes, he remarked that my
neglect to prepare him for the exceeding joy
that was in store, had so far shattered his nerv-
ous system that his usefulness was over; and
in fine had built up between us a wall of separa-
tion not to be broken down. I always opined,
however, and of this opinion was Mrs. Tonic,
that the Deacon's coldness arose in part from
an incipient warmth for Mrs. Dobbie, which
was thus checked in its first stages. It was even
hinted that on her departure which took place
immediately, he manifested less of resignation
than at the burial of Mrs. Sykes. The coldness
of the widow Dobbie towards me, certainly
unmerited, was also no less apparent, till I brought
about what I had much at heart, viz: a match
between her and Major Popkin. He was a
discreet forehanded man, a Representative to
our General Court, and kept the Variety Store
in that part of our town that was named in honor
of him, 'Popkin's Corner.'

Ladies in the House of Commons.—I per-
ceive that in the late discussion on Mr. Granly
Berkeley's motion for the admission of ladies to
the gallery of the House of Commons, one of
the arguments used by one of the members
spoke of the prevalence of a similar practice in
France, as an example which ought to be fol-
lowed. Really, if the speaker in question had
ever chosen to see with his own eyes the effects
of the practice of allowing ladies to come and
kill their time in their 'boxes' in the Chamber
of Deputies, he might have been rather disposed
to adduce those effects as a proof of the ex-
treme inconvenience (to say the least of it) of
the practice. Whoever heard of any lady com-
ing to the Chamber of Deputies for any other
object on earth but these:—1st, to kill time;
2d, to exhibit themselves and their dresses; 3d,
to be able to give themselves the airs of deciding
on the superiority of the oratorical powers of the
one or the other member? Their talking is so
loud and incessant as to call frequently for the
ringing of the President's bell, and they have
all the best seats in the Chamber reserved for
them. They appear there, in fact, as if they
were the patronesses of the establishment, and
as the very legislators of the country, when most
engaged in the discussion of matters of the high-
est public interest, were not to be diverted there-
by into the slightest forgetfulness of the adora-
tion to which the Parisian women conceive
themselves to be universally entitled. Not long
ago one of these ladies appeared in her box at
the (I was almost going to say opera) Cham-
ber, with her work of tapestry. Mr. President
Dupin, who is not at all times as much the slave
to ladies as the ladies of Paris expect every
man to be, very unceremoniously sent
word to the lady in question, that if she did not
put up her work immediately he would have
her sent out of the Chamber. This, of course,
had the desired effect, and the offence has not
been repeated. But the lady has since with-
drawn her countenance from the President of
the Chamber, whom she represents to all the
world as the most unmanly brute that ever
breathed. I do not mean to say that your
country women are likely to prove as great an
annoyance in the House of Commons as those
of Paris most unquestionably are in the Cham-
ber of Deputies. But let not any English mem-
bers call in aid a practice which every day's
experience proves to be abused and unbecom-
ing, for the establishment of the propriety of
admitting ladies into the gallery of the House
of Commons.—*Paris Letter in the Times.*

tion, July 2,
as gone by; and
To object to
er, or assign it
Last night was
ies; in the low-
mished private
the other, they
factor Bill—
iate here. The
—Messrs. Calen-
the vote was
left without a
to have the
erals dispatch-
ers soon hunt-
principal de-
pendency of
or rendering
d, that before
on, the States
their own in-
they yielded
duty to the
ernment had,
paying impos-
tions, placed
wherever the
orce required
w on this sub-
of Congress, in
days that was
h made a few
objects of the
t interested—
an understand-
ing to go
for another
onorable body
the Treasury
Webster in-
charge the
—for they had
Leigh par-
ing his speech-
mission exhibi-
—Leigh took
of a carbuncle

THE CREEK WAR.
The editor of the Baltimore Patriot has been avowed with the following letter, dated

COLEMAN, GEO. JUNE 28.

'Gen. Scott and staff left here on the 23d for Roanoke, forty-five miles below this, the first and only town burnt by the Indians, where the regulars and Creek troops had previously marched for.—They crossed the Chatahoochee on Sunday,—ten companies regulars, and about 3,000 Georgians, marched into the Creek nation, and will probably make a junction with

GLASSES FOR THE BLIND!
A price, assortment of Double & Single Eyed silver
& Bowed SPECTACLES, plain & colored, glass
lenses common and fine steel. See clacks, just received
and for sale at the lowest prices. Also a large stock
carrying a variety of first rate articles in Jewelry, Fancy
goods, Medicines, Stationery, Paper Hangings, &c. &c.
all fair prices.
J. E. GODDARD
New Village, July 18, 1836. 40-10

**LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the
Post Office, at Paris, Ala., July 1, 1836.**
EDWARD ANDREWS, Willie Chase, Joseph W.
Harris, John H. Harris, John H. Harris, John H.
Harris, on East Andrew Fuller, William Lethbridge,
Joseph G. Pond, Peter T. Record, Nathaniel T. Stum-
pers, Marshall Stearns, Elijah Wilson, Henry Young.

LET the subscriber July 4th, George Rogers, a
 Col'd, aged 19 years, and hereby forbid all persons
 hiring him on my account.
 E. S. FLETCHER.

Cutting done on reasonable terms and at short notice.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY, EIGHT or TEN GIRLS as
apprentices.
Norway-Village, May 30, 1836. 42

South-Paris, July 8, 1836

South-Paris, July 8, 1836

